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THE CHANGING YEARS.

Drawn out are the Fibres Fine and the Threads of Life are spun.

Lines addressed to Susanna Pearson on the completion of her seventy-seventh year's residence at the Big Spring in Union Township, Miami County, Ohio. She, (being very small) had been brought from Newberry, South Carolina, in 1808, and after three years' renting, her father Robert (whom I've heard tell of Tarleton's operations on Bush River in 1781, when en route to the Cowpens.) bought the land containing the Big Spring, and settled there in the depth of winter. Thy hair is gray with length of years, Thy walk is bent and slow; Caused by unnumbered toils and cares, Endured since long ago.

'Twas in the country's 'seventh year, When then a Southern child, Was brought, in winter, cold and drear, To live in this—then wild—

Where Nature her unchallenged sway, Unnumbered years had held; Nor had her untamed denizens, Been, from her woods expelled.

But thy dear parents, brave and true, Whom fear could not overcome, By the Big Spring a log house built, And made that place your home.

A home! a home! how very dear, That home to thee has been, Which seventy years, with seven more, Thy residence takes in.

Can one who's lived so long as this, In one place now be found? Should we throughout this country search, Unto its utmost bound.

There 'midst surrounding forests tall, With toil and danger life, Thou didst in childhood's days begin, Thy pioneering life.

Not women, men, nor children then, From labor sought to work, For 'twas apparent unto all, That they must starve or kill.

To those who for best living sought, This fact was soon revealed; One luxury, unknown there yet; Trees might be made to yield.

These gen'rons trees, 't' each early spring, Were by the wimple bore; And guiding tubes in troughs or pans, Their streams Nectarous poured.

For more than half a century, While that short season reigned— Thou helpedst those sweets to gather in, And boil 'til most were gained.

Obtaining thus a beverage rich, No salesman could control; Molasses in the crystal can, And sugar in the bowl.

No stores for raiment in those years, Nor factories were nigh, So garments for those pioneers, Their own hands must supply.

They raised their native fibrous flax, Then broke and scutched with care; The first and coarsest labor done— In making summer wear.

'Twas thine, then, seated by the wheel, To make it swiftly run, And to draw out the fibres fine— 'Til they to threads were spun.

'Twas thine next with the ready loom, The last act to achieve; With batten, shuttle, harness, thread— The textile web to weave.

Which being bleached without much skill, Was into garments wrought; That wearers were with right good will And not of pride or o'erthought.

The garments wore through winter's cold, Were wrought by different rule; Then snow-white wool displaced the flax— As did the broach the spool.

The spinner who before could sit, With treadle oscillating, Must now continuously walk With movements alternating.

While the big wheel, with the right hand, Was turned with humming sound, The other drew the twisted thread, Then on the spindle wound.

'Twas thine again, with ready loom, The warp and woof 't' unite, And linsey, woolsey, flannel, make, All pleasant to the sight.

Nor did plain common weaving them, Alone thy skill command; For many a complex coverlet Was woven by thy hand.

And patrons who had not thy skill, Materials often brought, Which by thy hands and servant loom In wished-for styles were wrought.

Year in, year out, from youth to age, Thy labors thus did run; 'Til now with eyes bedimmed thou seest Life's low descending sun.

'Tis pleasant to me now to know, Thy life's hard toils are o'er; That humming wheels, and looms and reels, By thee 'll be run no more.

That thou, now in thy long loved home, Free from care, toil and strife, Canst forward look, with Christian hope, And back on well-spent life.

But looking back, on life's long track, How solemn 'tis to know, That thy compeers of youthful years Are few now here below.

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Those two-fold consens, children of Aunt Ruth and Uncle John; Who grew up right within thy sight— Where are they now?—they're gone.

And three-score other consens, too, Who lived in thy own age— Alas! alas! but very few Now walk upon life's stage.

Thy comrades of the log-house schools, Who Murray's Readers read, And studied Webster's Spelling Book, Are nearly all now dead.

Now looking back to childhood's days, (While resting at thy ease), Thou canst the wondrous difference mark Betwixt those days and these.

Of changes thou mayest some approve, And blessings deem; but still, Some others thou, perhaps, mayest think Have less of good than ill.

The Big Spring, from its creviced rock, Flows as in days of youth; Fit type of the unchanging state Of Righteousness and Truth.

Through long life, up its sloping bank, 'Till age did thee assail, Thou borest its crystal treasures up, In bucket or in pail.

Thou now canst view its waters flow Beneath that beechen tree, Which in thy youth was but a shrub, But now can shelter thee.

Reminding thee that people soon Grow up, mature and die, While long-lived trees still grow and grow, And spread their branches high.

A Prophet's, as we are told, Lived in the days of yore, Who near the Holy Temple dwelt At four-score years and four.

Whose piety most fervent was, In keeping of the Law; Who prayed and fasted night and day, And the young Saviour saw.

Inspired by the Holy One, She did to friends avow: Redemption in Jerusalem Was come unto them now.

Though long her life was there, it was Not longer much than thine; And that she died a happy death, We surely may opine.

Should thy age be as great as hers, When life's sweet beads are riven, 'I'll hope thy future dwelling-place May be, like hers, in Heaven.

From thy cousin, DAVID JONES.

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THE DENMARK LYNCHING.

What Induced the Governor to Let Peterson go—Those Present at the Interview Give an Account of What Occurred.

[Special to Register, 27th.] Governor Tillman while feeling perfectly confident that everything he did in connection with the Peterson case was right, yet he evinces every desire to let the public know why he acted as he did, as he has been so severely criticised.

Much interest has been taken in what Peterson had to say to the Governor, and with a view of making it all public the Governor yesterday addressed the following letter:

"COLUMBIA, April 28th, 1893.

"Messrs. W. A. Neal and A. W. Clayton.

"GENTLEMEN: Please give me a statement of what you know in regard to my conversation with John Peterson at the Executive Mansion on Saturday afternoon last.

"I ask it for publication, to give the public the whole truth and leave people at home and abroad to judge the case fairly. Respectfully,

"B. R. TILLMAN, Governor."

In response to the above Mr. Clayton, who is a reporter for the Journal, makes the following statement:

John Peterson, accompanied by another negro, Wade Wylie, approached me on last Saturday afternoon to know where Mr. Tillman (meaning the Governor) was. A few questions elicited the fact that I was being addressed by John Peterson, whom I knew to be wanted at Denmark as a suspect of the outrage upon Miss Mamie Baxter. I accompanied him to the Executive Mansion and told the Governor who he was and what he wanted.

Governor Tillman, addressing Peterson, asked him if he was John Peterson, and he replied that he was, and that he wanted to surrender himself to him for protection, as he had heard that they were hunting him for the crime committed upon Miss Baxter, and he feared that if he was caught he would be lynched.

The Governor: "Are you guilty?" Peterson: "No, sir."

The Governor: "Where were you on Friday a week ago?" Peterson: "I was at North's."

The Governor: "Can you prove that and by white people?" Peterson: "Yes, sir."

The Governor: "Are you willing to go back there and let the young lady see you?" Peterson: "Yes, sir."

The Governor then turned to me and said that he had no right to hold a man who was simply suspected of a crime, but that if he, Peterson, wanted protection I had better take him to the Chief of Police and get him to investigate the case. This I did. After having him locked up by his own request, I started out to find Mr. L. B. Jenkins and Constable Lambert, the latter of whom I knew, was then looking for Peterson with a warrant for his arrest, to see if they would identify him, as he did not appear to suit the description given me of him.

They were found and Mr. Jenkins began the questioning of Peterson, which has already been mentioned, believing at the start that Peterson was guilty of the crime, but at the finish that he was innocent. Peterson was then locked up, and after being returned to his cell, Mr. Jenkins asked him if he would be willing to return to Denmark and let the young lady look at him. He replied promptly that he would. He said that he was innocent and did not fear any recognition by her.

Upon leaving the guard house Mr. Jenkins and I determined that there was at least grave doubt of his guilt and that if he was taken back there by Mr. Lambert on Sunday morning believing as we did that he would be lynched, we determined to go to Governor Tillman and ask him to have him held here until he could get his witnesses together to prove his alibi, which he confidently claimed that he could do. We went, and after hearing us Governor Tillman agreed to hold him under condition that I would go and try to get his witnesses together for him, which I did. He then wrote an order to Sheriff Cathcart, which I delivered to him, ordering him to take Peterson from the guard house and lodge him in jail until further orders.

I went to North's the next day and worked all day hunting up his witnesses for him. That evening I wired the Governor that they would all be on hand on Monday, and that they corroborated his statement.

A. W. CLAYTON.

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HOW OFFICERS ARE APPOINTED.

Timely Description of an Interesting Process—The Stages Through Which Applications Travel and How They are Acted on.

[Washington Letter to Baltimore American.]

The president has not yet attacked that vast number of collectors, both of customs and internal revenues, surveys of ports, etc., because Mr. Carlisle prefers that, so far as possible, they shall make out the reports of the present quarter of the fiscal year. This quarter ends on April 30th, so that it will be probably the middle of May before the great work of removal begins. The method is interesting.

If the position is an important one, there is much red tape in the making of an appointment, for it must pass through the hands of the cabinet officer under whom the appointee is to labor, the president, often the entire cabinet, then the senate, again the primary cabinet officer, and again and finally the president. It doesn't make any difference what the position is that is sought, the papers are always referred to the cabinet officer who has direct supervision over the office, even though the papers are first presented to the president.

When the cabinet officer or president concludes that it is time to make the appointment, or some politician so impresses either of them by his persistent efforts, the papers are all called for and laid upon the cabinet officer's desk. They are packed together, each applicant's papers under a separate jacket. The cabinet officer generally knows before he sees the papers which one of the applicants he wants—some one he knows and feels an interest in, or the friend of his friend, whom he desires to accommodate. Occasionally, where there are many applications, or there are some who stand upon the same ground of merit, the cabinet officer dictates a brief of the character and life of the applicants and takes to the president with his own recommendation as to which one should be appointed. The president doesn't always follow the recommendations of his secretary. He frequently wants to appoint another man than the one recommended, and he selects his own man without respect to the recommendations of his cabinet officer.

If there is doubt in the mind of the president as to what he should do, or the position is one of great political or other importance, like the selections of one of the five first class ministers, he lays the question, with the papers, before the cabinet at its meeting, and the appointment and applicants are discussed in all their bearings. This course is frequently pursued.

When the president reaches a conclusion as to an appointment, he directs his executive clerk or secretary to make out the appointment of a certain man. There are blanks for this purpose, in which the name of the person, the office, etc., are filled in and this is signed, so that it announces to the senate that the president nominates John Smith, of Indiana, to be consul to Halifax. The nomination is sent at once to the senate, which goes into executive session to receive it and refer it to the proper committee for consideration. The committee on commerce considers all nominations of consular representatives; the committee on foreign relations, diplomatic nominations; the finance committee, all collectors of customs, internal revenue, etc.

The Truth—Tell It Again.

These sensible views, quoted from an anonymous paper, we give as our own most decided sentiments and hereby beseech the public to bear them in mind:

"A local newspaper is often accused of bias in regard to giving personal notices, commenting on the coming and going of some and omitting others. The accusation is very wrong and unjust. It is with the people and not the editor. He is always willing and even anxious to tell who comes and goes, if he can find out; but a country paper cannot afford to have a score of salaried reporters. If you have visitors, let us know who they are and where they came from; if anything happens in your community, let us know all about it; if you know anything tell us all about it. You will find us as ready to notice one as another, patron or otherwise, friend or foe."

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Many of the choicest books of the world are now being issued in styles and at prices to delight book-lovers with limited purses. John B. Alden, Publisher, 57 Rose St., New York, who was the pioneer, and is still the leader in the "Literary Revolution," sends us a copy of Bayard Taylor's famous and delightful "Views Abroad," or Europe Seen with Knapsack and Staff," as a sample of his half-morocco gilt top style, in which he publishes some of the world's most famous books at prices ranging from 30 cents to 60 cents each, the same books being issued also in neat cloth binding at prices ranging from 15 cents up. These books are all ways in large type, printed on fine paper, the cloth binding being of excellent quality, and the half-morocco, gilt top style fit to adorn any library. A 32-page descriptive pamphlet may be had free, or a 128-page catalogue, a veritable feast for book-lovers, may be had for a 2-cent stamp. Address John B. Alden, Publisher, 57 Rose Street, New York.

It Was Complete.

"Goin' on a fishin' excursion?"

"Yes."

"What's your outfit?"

"Six liars and ten jugs."

COL. THOS. W. HOLLOWAY.

Secretary of the South Carolina Agricultural and Mechanical Society.

[American Farmer, March 1.]

Col. Thos. W. Holloway was born in the county in which he now resides (Newberry, S. C.) March 28, 1829. His school advantages were limited, but by wise and careful self-culture he has acquired a ready and accurate knowledge of the English language, and accumulated a large fund of useful information on general subjects.

At the age of 15 years he was bereft of father and mother, and was compelled to rely upon his own efforts to support himself and to prepare for life's duties.

In 1846 he went to Columbia, the Capital of the State, and engaged himself as a clerk in a grocery store, until the Columbia and Greenville Railroad was built, 25 miles from Columbia, where he was placed in charge of the freight department. The road being continued to Newberry, he was transferred to this place as agent, but at that time he was too young to give a bond.



In 1852 Mr. Holloway was elected cashier of the Bank of Newberry, which position he held until he purchased a farm at Pomaria in 1855, engaging at the same time in merchandising and farming. The former business he continued until 1880, while also giving his attention to the supervision of his farm, of which he is very fond.

He still resides at Pomaria, devoting his time entirely to his favorite occupation, at the same time employing his unwearied energies in performing the pressing duties of Secretary of the State Agricultural and Mechanical Society of South Carolina.

Col. Holloway was a member of Pomaria Grange, No. 27, P. of H., at its organization, and the first Worthy Master. The State Grange was organized in 1873, and he was the Worthy Steward until 1877, when he was elected Secretary, which position he held until that order was superseded by the Alliance.

Col. Holloway became a member of the State Agricultural and Mechanical Society of South Carolina at its organization in 1855, and was head clerk under the late Secretary, A. G. Sumner, and also under Robert G. Gage, who succeeded Col. Sumner, until the war between the States.

In 1889 the society was reorganized with Gen. Johnson Hagood as President and the late Dr. Wyatt Aiken as Secretary. Under this organization Mr. Holloway held the position of head clerk until 1874, when Col. Aiken declined re-election, and Mr. Holloway succeeded him as Secretary and Treasurer. Owing to the increased work of the two positions the two offices were divided a few years ago, and he has for many years been secretary alone. He has been secretary, altogether, for 17 years.

Under his judicious management, wisely assisted by the President and the Executive Committee, the State fair has been a series of progressive successes, until they are unequalled in the South. Col. Holloway has repeatedly received the merited distinction of being the most aggressive and best qualified secretary in any of the States.

Col. Holloway has been twice married. By his first union he has three children and fourteen grandchildren. His second wife is still living, and they are the happy parents of two children, a son and daughter, aged, respectively, 18 and 10.

His faith is in connection with the Lutheran Church, and he has been a member of the Board of Trustees of Newberry College for many years. By his active interest in this institution, and in other ways, he has shown himself the friend and patron of higher education.

His course in life, has, in a large measure, been directed by the advice and example of the learned and pious Chief Justice, John Belton O'Neill, of whom he was a protégé.

DEATH OF A GREAT DIVINE.

The Rev. Dr. Whiteford Smith, of Spartanburg, Dies Full of Years and Honors.

[Special to News and Courier.]

SPARTANBURG, April 27.—Dr. Whiteford Smith quietly passed away this morning at 4 o'clock. He has been declining in health for several months, and for the last two or three weeks he failed rapidly. He was conscious to the last and was as serene and composed as if he was only retiring for the night. To his last hours he manifested his usual interest in his family and his country.

Mrs. Charles F. Smith, of Nashville, died last night. She was a sister of Prof. D. A. DuPre, of Wofford College. He, with several other members of the family, went on to Nashville yesterday afternoon. Dr. Smith is a professor in Vanderbilt University, and has been there several years.

A PRODIGIOUS MEMORY.

An Incident of the Remarkable Ability of Librarian Spofford.

[Washington Star.]

The prodigious memory of Librarian Ainsworth Spofford, of the Congressional Library, his remarkable ability to locate any book among the hundreds of thousands under his charge and his familiarity with the contents of most of them, is well known. In a chat with The Star representative, Assistant Postmaster General H. Clay Evans related an interesting instance of Mr. Spofford's ability.

"General Lew Wallace, while dining with me some time ago," said General Evans, "told me how he got some of the material for the chapter which bears the chariot race between Ben Hur and Messala. He doubted if there existed a book in the United States that contained what he wanted and referred to his particular matter and at the period—29 B. C.—but concluded that it was not in the Congressional library Mr. Spofford could aid him."

"He came to Washington and saw Mr. Spofford, explaining what he wanted. No book was on the shelves of the Congressional Library that would aid him, he was informed, that there was but one book in the United States that had any bearing upon the subject."

"You will find it," said Mr. Spofford, "in the Athenaeum Library in Boston. I don't remember its title; in fact it has none. It is an old plainly bound volume. The librarian will probably tell you he hasn't it, but he has, because I have seen it and it contains the material you want. I'll draw a diagram of the library so you can go to the book."

"He drew the diagram and explained how General Wallace was to go down this aisle and into that alcove and that the book would be found upon a certain shelf so many books from the end. Armed with the diagram, General Wallace proceeded to the Athenaeum library and was informed that they knew of no volume that contained the material he sought."

"He received permission to inspect the library, and consulting his diagram, soon placed his hand upon an old musty volume that contained just the material as to the customs, chariots and races of the people of whom he wrote, that he lacked."

"I recall another instance. It was during the debate in congress over the rules, Speaker Reed presiding. Attorney-General John R. Hughes, of Nashville, reading of the question in the newspapers, recalled a like question having come up in the English House of Lords. He telegraphed me that somewhere in the parliament report the debate and its result could be found. I hurried by the telegram to Mr. Spofford. He contacted his brows, thought a moment, and pulled out a volume of the English reports, thumbed over the pages and said, 'There's what you want.' I ran with it to Tom Baynes, who was speaking and used it in his argument. Speaker Reed afterward using it in an article in one of the magazines."

Sand.

[Richmond Register.]

I observed a locomotive in the railroad yard one day;

It was waiting in the roundhouse, where the locomotives stay;

It was panting for a journey, it was coaled and fully manned, And it had a box the fireman was filling full of sand.

It appears that locomotives cannot always get a grip

On their slender iron pavement, 'cause the wheels are apt to slip;

And when they reach a slippery spot their tactics they command, And to get a grip upon the rail they sprinkle it with sand.

It's about the way with travel along life's slippery track,

If your load is rather heavy, and you're always sliding back;

So, if a common locomotive you completely understand, You'll provide yourself in starting with a good supply of sand.

If your track is steep and hilly and you have a heavy grade,

If those who've gone before you have the rails quite slippery made,

If you ever reach the summit of the upper table-land, You'll find you'll have to do it with a liberal use of sand.

If you strike some frigid weather, and discover to your cost

That you are liable to slip on a heavy coat of frost,

Then some prompt, decisive action will be called into demand, And you'll slip 'way to the bottom if you haven't any sand.

You can get to any station that is on life's schedule seen

If there's fire beneath the boiler of ambition's strong machine; And you'll reach a place called Flush-town at a rate of speed that's grand, If for all the slippery places you've a good supply of sand.

The Good Time Coming.

It may be quite a way off

An' the boys are badly drilled, But the country'll take a day off When the offices are filled.

Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers is a popular preparation in one bottle, and colors evenly a brown or black. Sarsaparilla. It pays to be careful, when buying medicines.

OUR FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

Indisputable Evidence that it was Run on the South Carolina Railway.

The claim of the New York newspapers that the old engine "John Bull," built in England in 1831, now on its way to the Chicago Exposition, is the first locomotive engine ever used in America, is successfully controverted by W. G. Mazzyk, of Charleston, who writes to the New York World as follows:

In 1830 the South Carolina Railroad Company contracted with Mr. E. M. Miller, of this city, to build a locomotive for the company. This engine, which was called the "Best Friend," was put into service in November, 1830, and was the first locomotive ever built or used in America for active service upon a railroad. (See "Sketch of Roger's L. & M. Works," New York, 1886, p. 7.)

By entries in the minute book of the board of directors of the South Carolina Railroad and Canal Company, it is shown that the "Best Friend," after due trial in service, was formally "accepted" December 20, 1830; that at the meeting of the board held January 3, 1831, rates of speed and number of passengers to be carried were fixed, and that on April 4, 1831, a rule was adopted that "no person be allowed to go on the engines" (mark the plural, please.)

On Friday, June 17, 1831, owing to the ignorance of a negro fireman, the "Best Friend" exploded. She was afterwards repaired and called the "Phoenix."

In the Charleston Courier of June 30, 1830, we find this extremely interesting notice:

"We find the following account of a locomotive steam engine ordered by our railroad in the New